

SuperWhoLock & More

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Summary: Discontinued story that is only being uploaded because one of my friends asked for it.

1. Chapter 1

The Doctor sprawled over the control panel, bored. He glances at the console and fell onto the floor because he was too lazy to stand up. He needed a new companion, but he didn't want to break another heart. His wandering thoughts didn't allow him to notice the banging on the door. He snapped out of it when he heard the familiar tap tap tap tap and almost had a double heart attack. Then he realized it was just a coincidence and someone was at the door. He looked around like a derp and total confusion washed through his body. He jumped up and tapped the controls a few times, a blurry image came up and he smacked the TARDIS in irritation. He grabbed his screwdriver and weirdly crept over to the door even though he was alone, he opened it and was pushed to the side as a curly haired detective strolled in with a confused companion of his own.

He shut the door and runs after the pair, "What?"

>The blond replies in kind and a 30 second 'What' war ensues.<p>

Curly hair abruptly concluded the conflict with a "WOULD YOU TWO JUST SHUT YOUR FACES." They both stopped and everybody stared at each other for a second. The blond turned to the Doctor and offered a hand, "I'm John. Dr. John Watson and that is Sherlock Holmes." The Doctor took the offered hand, still totally confused.

"How did you get here?" and "Where exactly are we?" were blurted out at the same time by the two men. From where he stood by the console, Sherlock said, "Obviously, there must be a perfectly logical explanation, Misterâ€|?"

"Call me the Doctor."

"Doctor, would you care to explain? My deductive abilities point toward the impossible, and while that is quite likely, I must be sure."

The Doctor blinked in response and ran up to the console tapping away at some seemingly random buttons and switches. "Well, I'm not entirely sure yet, butâ€|why haven't you commented on the fact that it'sâ€|"

"Bigger on the inside?" finished Sherlock. "Well it's quite obvious isn't it? So why bother going on about it?"

John frowned, "We're used to strange happenings I supposeâ€|"

The Doctor smacked the board and turned back to them, "To the best of my knowledge, you were there and now you're here because my Tardis," he paused and gestured to the whole thing, "got bored. She must've wanted to cause mischiefâ€|" he trailed off, talking more to himself now. After a few moments, the Doctor snapped his fingers and gestured for them to follow. He led them on a tour of the TARDIS and stopped in front of two doors. He opened one of them. "These are your quarters; this is for you, Dr. Watson, and the other for Mr. Holmes. I'm usually in the control room if you need me, and you can get food from the compartment next to your door if you ask nicely. I showed you the pool and the library and you can pretty much go anywhere that isn't locked. Any questions?" John shook his head at the question and the Doctor started out of the room. "Oh, and try not to break anything."

John and Sherlock found themselves alone, and exhausted. Hey both collapsed onto the bed in John's room and were asleep immediately.

Meanwhile, the Doctor was pacing the control room and arguing with himself.

This is so impossible, how did two humans find my TARDIS? The scanner is absolutely sure they're humans, and I've checked at least four times for glitches. Waitâ€|what's that noise?

A rumbling noise that sounded likeâ€|wheels was coming down one of the hallways. A white figure perched on aâ€|chair?, was flew out at him as one of his wheels caught, and he found himself entangled in the lanky arms of a very patched up looking bloke who had a screw in his temple.

Wait, a screw? What the bloody hell is going on?

Before the Doctor could adjust, he heard three more sets of footsteps and he groaned in defeat. Two figures approached from the same hallway, one from a different one, and the lanky man untangled himself and stood to retrieve the chair. The three people stopped in front of him. One was thin and tall with white stripes on one side of his hair, and he was dressed in mostly black. His hands twitched and blood dripped from his chin while he let himself be led by the person he had with him. She had long, curly brown hair that was pulled back in a ponytail. She looked like she was about to explode from excitement, but was a little occupied trying to comfort the other. It sounded like he was mumbling about symmetry to himself. The third person was distinctly British and had thick, almost comical eyebrows

that were scrunched together in a gloomy frown. The curly haired girl finally paused long enough to see the Doctor's face, and fainted. She just collapsed; it was too much. Alarmed, the Doctor jumped up, but tripped over the man in the chair. He barely avoided another situation like the last and made his way to the girl. She didn't look injured, and he thought the shock of being abruptly taken from another world might have gotten to her, but he couldn't help but wonder at the flicker of recognition he'd seen in the girl's eyes. The four men stood around her and stared at each other for a moment, blood drying on the boy's face, and the other man adjusting his glasses. The Doctor sighed and introduced himself once again. The boy called himself 'Death the Kid' and the man introduced himself as Professor FrankenStein. Eyebrows called himself Arthur. The boy and the rolly chair guy both seemed to know each other and called each other by shortened names, Kid and Stein. The Doctor filed this bit of information away before asking about the girl.

"Never seen her before today, but she came here at the same time we did." Said Kid, and Stein nodded in agreement.

The Brit huffed, "I've never seen any o' you before. Where the bloody 'ell am I?" His thick accent was endearing to the Doctor and he smiled a bit at the disagreeable nature the man seemed to radiate.

"I think we should all focus on the unconscious female," said Stein drily, and the Doctor turned his attention back to the girl.

"I think she's in shock," the Doctor observed, "we should get her something sugary and some water to wake her up." With that he sprinted down one of the hallways. After a few awkward moments of silence, he reappeared holding the previously stated objects. He promptly splashed the water in her face and held up her head as she spluttered. He held out a hunk of chocolate, which she gobbled up greedily, before he saw the familiar flash of recognition in her eyes. He stared at her for a moment while she squirmed and then he helped her to her feet. She shook him off and took a step before collapsing again. He caught her and held her up while she grumbled, annoyed. Her body seemed to not want to function correctly, so he helped her sit back down. She leaned limply against the console until her body started to tense back up when her muscles came out of shock.

The Doctor sat next to her and rubbed his face with his hands. He took this time to really _look _at his new guests. There was rolly chair guy, who had a stitched up lab coat, grayish-white hair, grey eyes covered by large glasses that flashed occasionally. His lanky figure was slumped over his patchwork rolly chair. A cigarette hung limply from his lips, and his skin was pale. There was a thin scar that trailed down the entire left side of his face. Then there was a large screw that was bolted in his temple, how that got there, he could only guess. His eyes flickered with a slightly insane light that made him slightly uneasy, and his thin fingers were gripping his forearms hard enough to look painful.

The black haired boy had yet to clean his face, and both of his eyes twitched at an equal speed. His hair had three white, parallel stripes on the left side, but the rest of him was completely symmetric. The only reason he noticed this was because the boy kept muttering about it. His clothes were dark, and oddly neat. His hands

kept clenching, as if they were used to holding something.

The Brit scowled, which lessened the effect his brilliant green eyes and his fair complexion could have. His wispy blond hair did nothing to help cover his enormous eyebrows. He stood at a distance, looking properly old and stuffy. His sweater vest was ironed and his hands were stuffed in the pockets of his slacks.

The girl still looked at him with obvious recognition and her muscles tensed every once and a while, as if holding something back. She was tall and boyish, with her unfeminine clothes and her messy curls. Her eyes were a bluish grey and they seemed to hold so much more than she would ever tell. She wore glasses, and her hands looked like they were meant to hold a pencil. The stories behind those eyes, begging for escape.

Out of nowhere, he found himself tackled to the floor of his TARDIS with the arms of the girl squeezing him half to death. He gasped for breath and tentatively put hand on her back, the other arm awkwardly hanging off to the side. The hug lasted about 30 seconds before she jerked back and stared at him with wide eyes.

"Ummâ€¦what?"

"Ohâ€¦right. Um, my name is Skylar," she blushed a light pink, looking intently at her hands.

"I'mâ€¦"

"The Doctor, I know."

"Rightâ€¦"

"Sorry, I guess I'm still kind of out of it," her hand crept up to her ear, where she fiddled with her silver studs.

"I'd ask, but I think it is a better story for another time."

She nodded before pulling herself up once again. Her legs shook for a second before she found her balance, and the Doctor kept his hand on her arm just in case. He turned her toward the others and observed how her eyes lit up when she saw the professor, and how they danced with mischief when she saw the other two. He had a feeling she knew more about what was going on than he did. He repeated the process he had just completed with John and Sherlock, and it ended with him, once again, alone in the control room. He'd got that poor boy cleaned up, which lasted about five minutes before it started up again. Kid solved this problem on his own though, going crazy and moving furniture around, so it was fineâ€¦he thought.

The girl passed out on her designated bed, and Stein somehow made being left to his own devices seem like a bad idea. The Doctor pushed this all away and pressed a few more buttons. The calming window of stars appeared on his scanner. He breathed out his stress, concentrating on each star, naming them off in his head.

This is just another adventureâ€¦

2. Chapter 2

A soft hum was sounded through the control room as the Doctor watched the stars on the scanner. It was almost like a song was playing from far away room and floating towards him. Voices interrupted from outside the TARDIS doors. The Doctor sat in the jump seat, waiting wearily for whatever new guests his ship brought for you.

The voices started to yell, or get louder, as it sounded to be the start of an argument.

"Come on, man!" a feminine voice shouts first, "I saved your butt!"

"Look, lady, it was just a-" a deeper voice replies in frustration and gets cut off by the 'lady'.

"What? Hmm?" she sounds as if she knows how predictable the man she is fighting with is. At the same instant, a third person opens the TARDIS door. The Doctor takes the chance to look over the three newcomers.

The girl looked to be in her late teens with brown hair in a half-ponytail. She wore jeans, a shirt for a Nickelback concert, and trainers. The Doctor could tell that this girl was loyal to most and is hard to keep in one place for too long, much like himself.

Looking at the men, the Doctor could just tell that they were brothers. The taller one, though younger, had shaggy, brown hair and seemed to have maintained a baby-like face through his 20 odd years of life. The other, the older, had dirty-blond, styled-up hair and, unlike his brother's, facial features that made him look older than his late 20s to early 30s.

The whole time the Doctor was observing, the girl and the older man argued away. Finally, the younger man stops them when he turns his head and sees something he did not expect at all.

"Uh, Dean?"

"Just wait, Sammy!" the older man, Dean, says, never taking his eyes off of the girl in front of him, "You gotta be a demon! How else would-" he's cut off by his brother, Sammy, again.

'_At least I know their names,'_ the Doctor thinks to himself.

"Dean! I think you should, uh, look at our _hotel room,_" Sammy stresses 'hotel room' more than really necessary. It gets Dean's attention as he walks up next to his brother. Both the brothers just stand there and look on as if the TARDIS is an impossible thing, which to some people it is. The girl walks over, looking as if she is not done with the argument, and follows the boy's line of vision. Seeing the Doctor standing there next to the console, she skips up the ramp to him and gives him a hug.

The Doctor doesn't know what else to do, so he just pats her back lightly, slightly confused why she isn't confused like her companions or if she was like the Skylar girl earlier. When she releases him,

she turns around to get the men's attention and to get them to come inside.

"Come on, you Winchesters!" she says, "This isn't even the most impossible thing you've dealt with in all of your lives."

After looking at each other first, the brothers walk up the same ramp the girl did. As they are walking to them, the girl turns back around to introduce herself to the Doctor.

"Hi, I'm Olivia," she smiles widely and sticks her right hand out to shake. The Doctor just looks at it for a few minutes before shaking her hand. Then she starts talking again, "Have you seen a girl by the name Skylar? She was with me one minute, then just disappeared from next to me. Then I saved these guy's butts."

Dean grumbles as the two men come to a stop at the top of the ramp. Sammy rolls his eyes and walks up to Olivia and the Doctor.

"Sorry for him." Sammy puts his hand out to shake the Doctor's, "I'm Sam, and that," he points back over his shoulder with his free hand, "is my brother, Dean."

"Yes, hello!" the Doctor replies to Sam before looking at Olivia again, "Did you say Skylar?"

"Yes, she disappeared on me while we were working on our homework together," she goes to sit in the jump seat.

Ah, then yes, I have," the Doctor starts walking towards the doors that lead to the rooms, "I'll show you where she is and give these gentlemen rooms."

The three follow him down a long hallway with numerous doors on each side. After a few minutes, the Doctor stops in front of one and lets Dean and Sam go in. Then he and Olivia walk for a bit more to a light purple colored door. When the Doctor opens it, the two see Skylar lying on top of the covers passed out.

"Thanks, Doc," Olivia goes in the room and closes the door behind her. The Doctor shrugs it off and walks back down the hallway to the console.

As he enters, he sees four more people just standing around and in awe. Well, except for one. The older gentleman just stood there, looking annoyed at something the young man said before the Doctor walked back in. None of them noticed the Doctor walking up behind them.

"Hello, there," they all jump from the sudden noise that came from behind them. The two men pulled out guns, and at this the Doctor could see a badge attached to each of their belts next to their holsters. Then the two women looked on, but still surprised.

"Who the heck are you?" the older woman asked the Doctor, having her hands at the ready like she was going to throw something at him, "Where are we?"

Not answering the questions immediately, the Doctor walked down the stairs slowly for two reasons. One was that the guns were still

pointed at him, and two he wanted to get the chance to look at his new-er guests.

The men both looked to be federal agents, which made the Doctor all the more wary of them. The older man had the look about him that said that he was the boss of the younger man. He had greying-military styled haircut. The other man looked as if he was always joking, even at work. His brown hair was short, but not military-styled.

Then the Doctor moved on to looking at the women. They both had long brown hair that went to mid-back. The older was shorter, much like Dean, while the shorter one was only a couple of inches taller. The Doctor also noted that with how close they were standing together that they must be of close relation.

'_Siblings like Dean and Sam?_' the Doctor asked himself.

Finally, he came to stand about three or four feet in front of everyone. He also started to answer the questions given to him, still with the guns trained on him, "I'm the Doctor, just the Doctor. And you are on my ship. She's called the TARDIS, Time And Relative Dimensions In Space," he started pacing now, "And before you ask, I do not know how you found your way here along with the other guests I have required in a short time."

The four just look at him like he was crazy, with the men looking at each other out of the corners of their eyes; the women doing the same.

"Now, if you two would be so grateful and put down those guns, I'd be very happy," the Doctor points at the two men, who oblige his request, "Now, I think introductions are in order. Ladies first, yes?" He gestures to the women.

"Well, uh, I'm Piper," the older starts off.

"And I'm Phoebe," says the other. The two women then look to the men so that they can introduce themselves.

"I'm Anthony, but everyone calls me Tony," at this he winks in the direction of Piper and Phoebe. He then goes on to introduce his 'boss', "And this is Gibbs."

"Excellent," the Doctor has a large grin on his face, "Well, let's get you all settled into rooms and we can later figure out how everyone come to be on my ship."

He goes back up the stairs and after twenty minutes, walks back in the control room and immediately to the jump seat. He starts talking to his ship, "What is going on, old girl?"

The ship only hums as a response, which the Doctor seems to understand and says, "But we would eventually run into another human that would travel with me!" he runs his hands through his hair, relaxing more into the seat, "It seems almost inevitable every time we land on Earth by ourselves."

Even the ship gives him no reply, yet he starts to hear a soft song start up. Still lying down, he recognizes it as a 21st century band from America. He closes his eyes as the song plays and contemplates

what he will do when all of his new guests wake up.

This love, it is a distant star
>guiding us home wherever we are
This love, it is a burning song
>Shining light on the things that we've done<p>

I try to speak to you every day
>but each word we spoke, the wind blew away<p>

Could these walls come crumbling down?
>I want to feel my feet on the ground
and leave behind this prison
we share
>Step into the open air<p>

How did we let it come to this?
>What we just tasted we somehow still miss<p>

How will it feel when this day is done
>and can we keep what we've only begun?<p>

And now these walls come crumbling down
>and I can feel my feet on the ground
Can we carry this love that
we share
>into the open air?
Into the open air
>Into the open air<p>

This love, it is a burning song

3. Chapter 3

The Next Morning:

The Doctor walked into the kitchen looking for a bite to eat, and found his usually impeccably clean space overflowing with new guests being fed by a very homely John Watson decked out in a frilly pink apron. The man had a plate piled high with pancakes, and as soon as the Doctor stepped in, he was hustled over to the counter and handed a plate of the syrup soaked human food. A tentative bite was taken before he found himself gracelessly scarfing down the food along with the others.

"Hot damn this is good!"

"Indeed John, it is quite delicious."

The exhausted Doctor didn't even bother attempting to identify the voices, and continued inhaling his food. The clatter of a loaded plate right next to him gave him the opportunity to come up for air. His mind took a moment longer than usual to identify the newcomer.

>"Sam, right?"<p>

"Yeah, that's me."

An awkward silence followed, while the Doctor kept eating.

"So what I wanted to ask was...", Sam was saying before he was rudely interrupted by a loud yell from across the room.

"We want to know what the Hell is going on!"

"Dean! Shut your face you moron!" Sam shouted back. An apologetic half smile was offered, and the Doctor slowly turned to the now silent room.

At that moment, a thousand suspicions came true. A shirtless Captain Jack Harkness entered; it was official, the man found sustenance in making a scene. His perfect smile flashed, and the Doctor found himself grinning like an idiot. The two men collided in an affectionate embrace; Jack pulled away, but kept the Doctor at arm's length.

"You haven't changed much, have you?"

"You say that every time, yet we both look exactly the same EVERY TIME," laughed Jack teasingly. "Afraid I'll be better looking than you?"

The Doctor sputtered indignantly while the Captain had a laugh at his expense.

"Oh Doctor, you know I tease."

Jack got a dirty look in response but ignored it and went on to answer Dean's question.

"Well, handsome fellow, something very big, very dangerous, and full of aliens is threatening to rip the universe apart. It's going to be one hell of a party, and our mutual friend here is going to need your help."

Oddly, that satisfied the curiosity of them all. It was then when the Doctor first realized, _I'm in a room full of warriors._

Of course this is the moment the TARDIS chose to jolt to the side, sending the whole crew, save the Doctor, to the floor. After a brief reassurance that the world was in fact, not ending, and they had only landed, the whole crew streamed out the TARDIS door, ignoring the Doctor's reservations. Gibbs walked behind them and kept his hand resting on his gun; his companions did the same. Somehow more threateningly, Stein's flashing glasses kept the others a safe distance away. Jack, with a shirt now, and not seeing any immediate danger finished his explanation.

"The Time Agency sent me because it's going crazy down there, our technology is all fried, but the ripples in the time vortex all point toward a severe disturbance."

The Doctor looked uneasy, "And Torchwood can't do anything about it?"

"Our best agents were put on the issue, and none came back. I suspect the foretold End of Days is involved."

The Doctor's face turned a peculiar shade of paper, "Oh no!"

In the entire party, only one person noticed the man tied to a tree. Skylar cautiously approached the figure while the others were

distracted. She knew that face, "Oh God, Master. It's the Master."

The previously limp head snapped up and a pair of icy blue eyes met hers. A sneer came over his face, but the effect was lessened by his ruined features and the gag that was leaving fabric burns on his face. He lunged toward her, but his bonds held him back; his dirty blond hair was clumped and his usually immaculate dress was in rags. He hadn't been here long, because he was still conscious, and his wounds were oozing at a rate that would leave most dead after a few minutes.

A panicked yell escaped from the girl's lips, "DOCTOR! Doctor Help!"

He was at her side in an instant, and, seeing the Master, rushed to the man's aid. Ignoring the half-hearted snarls, he freed the man and removed the gag. Another weak growl was attempted before the Master fainted. The Doctor jerked his hand back from the fractured wrist he'd been probing and with the help of Captain Jack he carried the Master into the TARDIS. The rest of the crew meandered about, exploring this new place.

Skylar ran after them, ignoring the inquiries the curious crew had. "Who the fuck was that?" being the basic idea she got from all the noise. She reached the door just as they were going inside and found herself pulled in with them. She was handed a clean rag and told to staunch a wound on his leg while the Doctor worked on the rest. The Doctor threw them out after a while and Skylar ended up leaning up against the wall next to the door waiting to hear some news. Jack left after a failed attempt at flirting and she was alone until she heard the footsteps coming down the hallway. Olivia rounded the corner and slid down the wall to sit next to her.

"So the Master is alive?"

"Yeah, guess so. I thought Lucy shot him and he died, but I guess something must have changed."

"Or the bastard cheated again." She got a chuckle out of the younger one at that.

"Livi, what are we doing here?"

Olivia shrugged, "Dunno. Maybe we won the galactic lottery or something."

Another chuckle. "Maybeâ€¦"

A resounding click pulled them out of their thoughts. The Doctor stepped out, looking exhausted. Almost eight hours had passed since the Master was brought in.

"Oh good, people. Can you look after him while I get cleaned up?"

The two girls glanced at each other, "Sure. Go on, we'll be fine." They walked into the large room, and Skylar finally had time to observe the surroundings. The Master was in a hospital style gurney in the middle of the room, surrounded by IV drips and monitors.

Skylar winced, but they took a seat next to him. His bruised wrists were secured to the bed and his legs were in thick casts that were tied with ropes to the bars of the gurney.

Skylar spoke up, "Damnâ€¦"

"No kidding."

"Think he'll regenerate?"

"I think Lucy broke his reboot system."

A weary voice from the doorway startled them both. "Indeed, you're right, the chemical balance that is always maintained in a Time Lord is off and the trigger chemical that is released in times of trouble is reacting incorrectly," A now un-ruffled Doctor confidently strode toward them. "but what I want to know is how the heck you two know about Lucy."

"uhhhâ€¦.ummmâ€¦" was all they could say, but then some rare wisdom spurted from the younger one. "As a Time Lord, you have endless years of secrets, and we humans only have so few. Shouldn't we be allowed to protect the few we are still capable of having?"

The Doctor looked both unsettled and unsatisfied, but he sighed in defeat and nodded once. "Since you two seem to know more than the others, I'm trusting you to assist me in the care of the Master."

"Vote Saxon," Skylar said simply.

The Doctor gave her a strange look, and Olivia clarified, "That's a yes."

"Ah I see," was all he said before plopping into a chair.

"We'll goâ€¦settle down the othersâ€¦" and they left.

It took some explaining, but finally, the whole ship had a better idea of what the hell was going on.

Sherlock was up and poking around the control consol, muttering to himself, and clearly familiarizing himself with the newly useful information. Yet again, Skylar glanced over to see Jack inexplicably shirtless; at the sight, she rolled her eyes and went back to her conversation with John and Stein.

This definitely had the feel of one Hell of a fun time.

4. Chapter 4

Later that evening, everyone was doing their own thing. Some had gone back to their own rooms while the others stayed in the control room. Olivia, Tony, and Dean sat around the jump seat, talking about their favorite guns and movies. Skylar jumped around the room; talking to everyone she passed on her way. Sam and John stood off the side, away from the hyperactive girl running around, and sharing stories about their 'cases'. Then Gibbs and Jack stood against the railing, just watching the small group left, and also watching out for the

hyperactive girl.

Suddenly, as Skylar was about to pass by the group of three sitting on the ground, she trips and face-plants right into the jump seat. "Mmphf mmphf mm," Skylar says, her words muffled by the leather of the seat.

The only ones that had noticed what happened to the youngest of the group were Olivia, Gibbs, and Jack. Olivia, having known the younger girl the longest, just shook her head at Skylar. Gibbs looked at the girl much like he did when one on his team explained something he didn't understand. Then Jack, well, Jack just laughed at the girl's antics, thinking that they were much like something he would do himself.

"She okay?" Jack asked as he pushed off the railing he was leaning against, still laughing slightly.

Everyone else continues with their conversations. Olivia excuses herself from hers and approaches the girl with her face still in the seat. "Oh, she'll be fine," Olivia says, righting the girl at the same time, "She's too hyper for her own good sometimes, though, right, Skylar?"

"Hmm?"

"Just say 'yes'."

"Nope," Skylar says with a smile at Olivia, who shakes her head at the girl once again.

"Are we sure she's alright?" the voice startles the two girls a bit. Turning around, they see Gibbs standing there.

"Yeah, she is," Olivia says, the first to get out of the surprised state, "This happens quite a bit, really."

Skylar grins wide and runs off once again, as if nothing had happened only a few minutes ago. Olivia watches her go, hoping she doesn't hurt herself. All the while, Olivia feels a set of eyes burning a hole in the side of her head. Not turning to Gibbs, who was the one staring, she addresses him, "Yes, Gibbs?"

"Do I know you from somewhere?" he answers my question with one of his own.

Olivia turns to him with confusion all over her face, "No, I don't think soâ€¦why?"

"You just seem familiar," he looks down in thought, "You sure you haven't been to NCIS before?"

"I'mâ€¦wait a minute," Olivia's eyes widen a bit in realization, "I've been to visit my grandpa on base a couple of times when I was younger, but you couldn't have been there," she whispers the last part to herself, though she knows Gibbs heard her.

"Why couldn't I have been at the base?" he asks, a tone of both curiosity and suspicion lacing his voice, more of the suspicion than the other, "I work there."

"Uhâ€|yeah, seeâ€|" Olivia trails off on her reply when the Doctor enters the control room. Skylar is the first one to him. Glancing at Gibbs briefly, Olivia asks, "Can we finish this later?" he just nods in reply.

"How is he, Doctor?" Olivia hears Skylar ask as she approaches the pair. She doesn't hear the Doctor's reply for she gets this growing pain at the base of her skull, much like a headache pain. She then hears someone call her name and feet rushing around her as she collapses and before she black outs.

End
file.